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SERMON XIX.

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THE GOOD NEVER DIE.*

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."—HEBREWS 11: 4.

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS: We have come together on this occasion, that we may follow to the grave all that remains of HEMAN HUMPHREY. We shall not study to have every expression the most proper and appropriate possible—for we gather around that which was lately the temple of the Holy Ghost, with the awe and reverence which we feel due to preëminent worth, and with the sorrow of children met to bury a father.

The old warrior hath put off his armor—for the conflict of a

* As the NATIONAL PREACHER contains quite a number of discourses in its thirty-five volumes, it is peculiarly fitting that this Sermon should find a place in it also.—
ED. N. P.

long life is over. The victor—who hath so long done battle, overcoming poverty and obscurity in youth, dashing aside the indolence of our nature, grappling with the duties and the burdens of a long public life, mastering the imperfections inseparable from humanity, the weaknesses and the besetting sins never fully overpowered, holding out till he stood almost alone, left by nearly all who commenced life with him—the victor, over even the last enemy, has gone to receive his crown!

My wish and prayer at this time is, that I may meet the responsibilities of this hour by so speaking to you that the passing away of a great and good man, and our last opportunity to honor his worth, may not be without spiritual benefit to us all.

Those who have made and left their mark upon the world, have been, for the most part, the founders of empires, the deliverers of nations enslaved by tyrants or by superstitions, the promulgators of laws wise and comprehensive, the inventors, and hence the benefactors and contributors to the comforts and conveniences of men, and the men who have made their impression directly on the mind of the race. Of these, the influence of the last is the most permanent, the most beneficial, and by far the most desirable. Tables of stone perish, but what was written on them is imperishable. The heroes and the great ones of earth come and go like the tornadoes and thunders near the equator. The world seems to rock and roll under them for an hour, but the influence of him who can write thought on the minds of men, is like that of a spring gushing up with living water, that enlarges its blessings as long as it flows.

It was thought that first created the universe, and it is thought, divine and human, that now sways the world; and he who has passed his probation, having the power to use this influence, has had the mightiest weapon for good or evil in his hand, which the earth knows.

God has so arranged his government that what is evil shall die, and its influence cease. The plague that rides on the wings of the wind shall go past; but the mind shall live to refresh the lungs, and bring healing to thousands. Tamerlane, the scourge, shall sit on his war-horse, and point to his pyramid, made of eighty thousand human skulls, and feel that he is Destiny; but he shall molder into dust, and perhaps have less influence in the world to-day than some poor slave that toiled on the pyramids of Egypt. The dew-drop that hangs on the leaf or the mountain-side, and there seems to dry up and be gone forever, shall reappear a thousand times to refresh the rose that cheers the heart in the sick-room. A thought which a good man throws out upon the world does not die in the air. It ceases to be heard; but time, like a vast sounding-board, has it in safe-keeping, and again and again will it be echoed back upon men, and influence human character.

A moral impression which is made upon the child or the youth, may be transmitted from heart to heart, from character to character, to the latest generations. Even if Abel's name had not been written on the pages of the Bible, you and I might and would now be feeling the influence of that man to-day. He, being dead, would still be speaking.

It was the mind, the pen of Voltaire, that poisoned his nation, and maddened and convulsed all Europe. It cost him thirty-six quarto volumes to do it. But when that generation had passed away, those writings were dead. They will never again rouse the passions of men; while the influence of some poor shepherd, like Abel, will live, and influence men for good to the end of time. The great queen of Egypt, who had power to change the destiny of the Roman empire, will have no influence upon the world, while the influence of the captive child that waited on the wife of the Syrian general will never leave the earth. Bad men turn the waters into blood, and there they leave them; but the rod in the hands of the good, turns the blood into water again. Human footprints made in blood will soon be effaced from the earth; but beauty shall wait upon the footsteps of him who lives to do good.

While the tramp of the Roman legions was shaking the earth, and there was no power known in the world but that of her soldiery, there was a little child living in the despised village of Nazareth, a single word from whose lips was to become a power mightier than that of all the armies of Rome. Some years after this, Rome was in flames. Public opinion pointed to Nero, the Emperor—a monster in human form—as the one who kindled the flames. "So far from quieting this rumor," says Tacitus—perhaps the shrewdest man of his generation—"so far from quieting this rumor, Nero judiciously charged with the crime, and punished with the most studied severities, that class, hated for their general wickedness, whom the vulgar call Christians. The originator of that name was one Christ, who, in the reign of Tiberius, suffered death by sentence of the Procurator, Pontius Pilate. The baneful superstition, thereby repressed for a time, again broke out, not only in Judea, the native soil of that mischief, but in the city also, where, from every side, all atrocious and abominable things collect and flourish!"

What a trifling circumstance was this persecution of Christians in the life of such a great man as Nero! Hardly worth mentioning! And what a small affair was that "one Christ," thus to be incidentally named, and that with sneers! They all three have been numbered among the dead—Nero, and Tacitus, and Christ—but which yet speaketh? While once in months, perhaps, Nero's name is mentioned, and that with detestation, the name of the Child of Nazareth is dwelt upon by millions of tongues, and the

hopes of uncounted numbers in every generation—the highest hopes which the soul can have are centered in him.

It is a beautiful circumstance, that in the arrangements of Divine Providence, too, it is not important whether the agent seems to do a great work at the time. He passes along, and goes out of sight, but his works come after him. Abel did but one single act—offered his lamb in faith; but that brought on the first deadly contest between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent, and it will affect the world to the end of time. The man who wrote the four simple lines beginning with, "Now I lay me down to sleep," seemed to do a very small thing. He wrote four lines for his little child. His name has not come down to us, but he has done more for the good of his race than if he had commanded the victorious army at Waterloo. The little fires which the good man kindles here and there, on the shores of time, never go out; but ever and anon they flame up and throw a light upon the pilgrim's path. There is hardly any thing so fearful, to my mind, as the mind reaching down into the coming ages, and writing itself upon the minds of unborn generations. We know not whose hand held the pen that wrote the *Arabian Nights*; but what a book! How few are the children who have not sat spell-bound at the feet of that enchanter!

Men who can throw themselves down into human character, by the pen or by the voice, have a high honor. One such oak is worth whole forests of gourds which come up in the night and wither in the morning. Noiseless as the wheels of the sun are such influences, and if flowing from a sanctified heart, will go into human character—will mold it for time and for eternity. The missionary, teaching a poor heathen child, is communicating impressions and influences that will be transmitted again and again, till at some time in their progress they fall upon the right spirit, and there comes out an Edwards, a Bunyan, or a Cowper. So that no man knows or can know at the time whether he is doing a great work or a small one. The unknown mind that wanted to contrive something to write on cheaper, and more abundant than parchment or the papyrus, and who finally discovered a way to make cheap paper, had no conception of what he was doing. This was just before John Faust invented types; and had Faust not done it, the paper being cheap, somebody else would. To that unknown mind the world owes the intelligence, the conveniences, and, very much, the religion which are filling the earth. There may be at this very hour, in some obscure, retired cottage, a mind that is at work over some one thought which is yet to become a power in the world, second only to the Christian religion. Very possibly, too, that mind will never be known in this world. Can any one tell who sowed the first handful of wheat? or who in-

vented the first plow? Can any one tell who made the proverbs which are the concentrated wisdom of ages, and the common property of the world? Can you tell us which of the disciples it was who first conceived the idea of asking Christ to teach them to pray, and thus gave to the whole race the Lord's prayer? The whole human family are linked together, so that when you make an impression on one, you affect them all; the influence never dies. Of every one it is true: "He being dead, yet speaketh."

There is no position in which impressions that are to go down to future ages can so well and so surely be made, as the position of a minister of Jesus Christ. We don't expect to make new discoveries in theological science, to discover new truths, to mark out new fields for investigation; but the minister of Christ is a workman under him, a servant in his house, a messenger of his truth, linked in with his great plans, and laboring in a cause infinite in importance, and accompanied by the promises and the presence of Christ. When, therefore, he stands up in the pulpit, when he leads the devotions of God's people in prayer, when he speaks to the lambs of his flock, when he throws out a warm thought in the prayer-meeting, or when he whispers of the mercy of Christ in the sick-room, he is making impressions that reach beyond the present hour. The drooping faith of that child of God is made stronger—the heart and conscience of that sinner has received an arrow which none but the hand of Christ can extract—the soul of that little child has received impressions that will make him a minister of the Gospel, or a missionary of the Cross. That mother is going home to kneel down to-night with a fuller, warmer heart, as she brings her children to God in fervent prayer. His hand is upon the spring-waters, and he opens here and there a spring that will send forth its stream, and gather other waters, till it has created a river of mercy. And many a humble man, who at times has hung his head and mourned over the few sheaves that he hath gathered, who at times doubts whether he ought not to lay down his commission and retire from the field, is doing what will be felt the world over. He casts his bread upon the waters. It may be many days before it is found. But the seed will not be lost. It may come up on the shores of the Pacific—it may wave on the sides of great Lebanon in the East. He makes impressions for eternity on souls that are immortal, and they can not be lost. The teachings which Doddridge received from his mother as she taught him Bible history from the tiles of her chimney, can be seen in a succession of ministers—a chain indeed extending down to this day. And how many mothers have been led by that simple circumstance to be faithful to their children in the nursery; and how that incident has done much to lead to the beautiful pictures for children in religious books and papers of this day, the Great Day alone can reveal. It is by no means certain that the

little low post, less than a foot high, in the graveyard at Geneva, with simple J. C. on it, points out the spot where John Calvin sleeps; but no age or generation, to the end of the world, will fail to feel the impress of that heart and mind. He is not seen or heard of through the world; but these churches in New-England, the missionary stations among the heathen, are his monuments, and every free school that blesses the world was opened by the wand held by his mighty hand. "He being dead, yet speaketh."

On the far-off isle of the ocean, the old missionary lies down to die. He hath toiled there almost half a century. He has seen naked, wild savages changed into men—into Christian families. He has seen their language reduced to writing. He has brought the press there, and has printed Bibles and school-books for the people. He has filled the island with schools; he has gathered churches, and the church-bell has thrown its notes far out upon the still waters of the Pacific. And now, around his dying-bed stand weeping men. They are the native pastors of these churches, whom he has trained up. They have come to receive his last charge, and to take their farewell of that faithful servant of God. And the dying man is looking back over all his life, to review the way in which God has led him. He can't recall the hour of his conversion; he can't recall the name of the faithful Sabbath-school teacher who was the means of his being led to Christ; but he remembers his form or face, and he sees that all his life and usefulness have been shaped by that man whose very name has passed away out of his memory. And now, don't you see that this unknown teacher, who, perhaps, has wept that he could do nothing for Christ, is yet living, and teaching, and blessing that distant island, and will do so till every island shall flee away?

A poor woman saves her little gift, penny by penny, for missions. She mourns over her poverty, only because she can't aid to send the Gospel to the heathen! It becomes the burden of her life: "Oh! that I could do for the heathen!" When she comes to die, her pastor tells the simple story of her longings, and the little book is already published in eight different languages, and will perhaps do more for missions than any missionary since the days of Paul!

Were we to select the instrument and the field of labor for high, permanent, and ever-growing usefulness, we hardly know any examples superior to what we find in the ministry in New-England. And were we to select the circumstances and to form the character for this usefulness, we would draw our model as follows:

- 1st. We would have the child born of respectable, intelligent, and religious parents. We would have them belong to what we call the middling class—the very back-bone of New-England.

We would have the child made the subject of earnest prayer and dedication from his very birth. He should never be able to remember when he heard the first prayer, when he prayed himself, nor when he first went up to the house of God. He should be a devoted, dedicated thing from his creation.

2d. He should be poor in early life. This would compel him to work and strengthen the body, and give him that unspeakable blessing, a good constitution. It would give him habits of body that will enable him to endure hardships as a good soldier. It would give him habits of economy, and enable him to live on whatever God's providence should give him. It would give him sympathy with and for the poor, and make him feel that there may be great worth of character where there is no property. It would place him in the position where the rich could associate with him, because he stands on character alone—and where the poor feel that they can associate with him, and have his sympathy. I would have him work at manual labor, and work hard, too, in early life—because in no other way is it possible to lay up health that will carry him through the mental labors of life, even into old age. The tree must have hard exposures to become solid, strong, and enduring. Strength of mind must have the sub-base of physical strength.

3d. We would have our instrument become pious in early life. This would prevent his going into wrong paths, forming wrong habits, tainting and soiling the soul by contact with gross sin, and causing him to look back upon the past with deep sorrow. This would lead him to give the dew of his youth to Christ. This would give him to know by experience the temptations and trials of the young, and fit him to sympathize with them and counsel with them.

4th. We would have him consecrated to one object, and that is—to do good to the souls of men. He may cultivate his taste; he may come in contact with mind, living, and in books; he may know men and things; but he is not to live to enjoy himself, not to be a great and learned man, nor a deep, accurate scholar; not to have riches, or honors, or notice, or to seek for reputation; but to do good to the souls of men. This one great object is all that he is to live for.

5th. We would have his intellectual powers balanced and symmetrical. This is not so common or so easy to find as one might suppose. It is easy to find men very conservative or very radical, very desponding or very sanguine—men who want to creep with the mole or rise in the balloon. The father of Icarus charged him not to fly too high, because his wings were fastened on by wax, and it would melt if he went too near the sun, and if he went too low, and too near the sea, the moisture would destroy the power of the wax. A character that influences men rightly

should be without extremes. It must originally have a foundation of granite in its composition, or else it will never become character. Yet, when you see that character developed, and brought out in age, full, ripe, symmetrical, and bright, you forget what a resisting of temptation, and what self-denial and efforts it cost him to attain it—just as when you see the sun at evening break out so clear and bright, you forget how many clouds he had to wade through and drink up, before he could set in such brightness.

6th. We would have our instrument live and act on religious principle. Such a character as we have been describing will never make a popular sensation man. If he acts on religious principle, he can never stoop to try to become notorious. He will not fall in with the prevailing taste of the day, and thus be popular, and be talked about, and get into the papers every week, nor will he defend his notions with what passes for originality, and demand that men shall believe when there is no reason for believing. He will not consent to be used as a bundle of sky-rockets, because he relies upon sanctified reason. Acting on religious principle, and weaving that into the whole moral character, evens up that character, so there is no shallow spot in it. A clear, sound, cautious judgment can never be popular in the sense of having men run after it and applaud. But that man stands upon a rock, and all his moral instincts are true and quick. He has few mistakes to mourn over.

7th. And we would have our instrument live to a good old age. There is beauty in every season. It is beautiful to see youth, with its bright visions, its sanguine hopes, and its fresh ardor, step out and grapple manfully with the duties of life. If he dies young, we estimate him too highly—not as he was, but for what he gave promise of becoming.

There is beauty in watching manhood, when in the freshness of its strength, it takes up all the burdens and responsibilities of life, and bravely carries them all. But we want to see him pass through all the stages, and see him when he comes nearer his end, when, in the silver light of age, we see that his garments are spotless, and he is going down to the grave with a name untarnished and immaculate. There is a meek yet majestic beauty, when the full-orbed sun sinks away in autumn, mingling heaven and earth together in that soft green and yellow light that seems to let the vision into eternity itself. The old pilgrim, after a life of toil, thus spends the Sabbath of life in blessing the world, and in preparing to leave it.

How far that good man, whose dust lies before us, had these advantages, and came up to this model, you will judge as we proceed to give a very brief outline of his life, and then to draw, with much diffidence, his intellectual and moral character.

The Rev. HEMAN HUMPHREY was born at West-Simsbury, Hartford county, Connecticut, on the 26th of March, 1779.

His father was one of the many small farmers scattered over New-England, and from whom many of our most valued characters have risen. His name was Solomon Humphrey, and that of his mother, Hannah Brown, previous to her marriage. The father raised eleven children, all of whom lived to adult age. Both of his parents were pious, and early dedicated their children to God. They both lived to a good old age, honest, humble, pious people, of that meek and quiet spirit which, in the sight of the Lord, is of great price. The father died at Barkhamstead, Conn., in 1834, aged eighty-one, and the mother several years earlier, aged sixty-six.

When the boy, Heman, was about six years old, his father removed to Burlington, Conn., and it was in this small, retired place that he spent his youth, and where much of his physical and mental character was formed. Here he wrought on the farm, enjoying only the advantages of the common district school, till qualified himself to be a teacher. In the winter of 1798-9 there was a revival of religion in Burlington, and there, at the age of twenty, the Spirit of God found him, and led him to Christ. We do not know what were the peculiar exercises of his mind, but, as he once remarked that he was "converted into Calvinism," and as his views of religious experience were ever after clear and deep, and thoroughly Calvinistic, we have reason to think his religious experience was a deep one. The Rev. Jonathan Miller was the minister at Burlington at that time. Dr. Humphrey always delighted to see and acknowledge the hand of God in his providences. And on his death-bed he mentioned, that it was not till after this period, and not till after he had acquired much experience as a teacher, that the thought of obtaining a liberal education ever entered his mind. Having engaged to labor for the summer, he was prevented by a spring freshet from crossing the river and meeting his engagement, and that providence was the means of changing all the plans and the whole course of his life.

He graduated at Yale College in 1805 in a class of forty-two. Among his classmates were Thomas H. Gallaudet, the father of teaching the blind in this country, and Rev. Dr. Spring, of New-York, the almost unrivaled preacher and pastor.

After graduation he studied theology with the Rev. Asabel Hooker, of Goshen, Conn., and was licensed to preach, by the North Litchfield Association, at Salisbury, Conn., in October, 1806. The following spring, March 16, 1807, at the age of twenty-eight, he was ordained over the church in Fairfield, Conn. Here he labored, under many difficulties, but so judiciously and faithfully, for the space of ten years, that he was remembered among the first ministers of the State. At least one powerful revival came

upon his people, in which his labors were abundant and successful. He had to encounter what used to be called the "Half-way" Covenant, and which, under his influence, was laid aside. Here, too, he commenced his labors in behalf of the temperance reformation, of which, all through life, he was so strenuous an advocate, so consistent an example, and so successful a teacher. So early as 1812, he wrote an address to the churches on the subject of temperance, which was adopted and published by his Association; and, on his return from Europe at a later day, he greatly aided this cause by another effort.

He was married to Sophia Porter, April 20, 1807. She walks and feels the chief mourner to-day. They had ten children committed to them, of whom six are living. Of these ten, three have been or are pastors, and two married pastors—all occupying most important positions. One is now a distinguished Professor in a Theological Seminary, one a Member of Congress, and all members of Christ's Church. One of these young ministers—and he most lovely—sleeps in our cemetery, and by the side of his dust we shall to day lay the father.

In November, 1817, he was installed over the first church in Pittsfield, at which time the two churches, which had been separated in warm political times, were reunited. The wounds were outwardly healed, and all the broken bones were joined, and the bandages taken off, but they were still very tender, and few men could have so successfully taken this place and made the union permanent, as did Mr. Humphrey. None but those on the ground can appreciate the difficulties—so long-standing, so bitter, so apparently irreconcilable, reaching the two churches, reaching families, neighborhoods, and covering the whole town—and yet, under his judicious management, the spirit of peace took the place of discord, and all these troubles dropped away, as the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy all drop off if you will let in the sun upon them. He remained here six years, and when I had the honor to take the position of pastor over this church here, I could feel his hand and see marks of that hand all over the town, though nearly twenty years had elapsed since he left. During his ministry here there were two very powerful revivals in his church—one of which was a wonder, such as was never witnessed here before. A great number were hopefully converted—some of whom, gray-headed men, are still alive, and are here to-day, with trembling step, and crowded memory, and tearful eyes, to follow their spiritual father to his last resting-place.

In October, 1823, he was inaugurated as President of Amherst College. The same year he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Middlebury College.

Many will remember with what deep reluctance this people gave him up. The College was in its very infancy. It had graduated

but eight scholars. It was without name, without funds, without buildings, without even an act of incorporation. Many felt that the burden was too heavy, the difficulties too formidable to be undertaken. And probably, had all the trials and difficulties been foreseen, few would have dared to make the effort. No one, who has not been through the labor, can conceive of the difficulties to be overcome. But this work—to raise up and establish a new College—one that must compete with the old institutions so long growing up—was to be the great work of his life; and Mr. Humphrey threw himself into the work with his whole soul. Year after year, time after time, saw him calmly asking the State to incorporate the College. The whole prejudices of the State had to be belived down or conquered. Few men could or would have toiled on, year after year, as he did. Slowly the walls went up, as did the walls of Jerusalem under Nehemiah; and after a toil of twenty-two years—a toil that seldom has a parallel, and without stopping an hour, save once to hasten across the Atlantic when worn down and ready to perish—he came to the place where he must stop. Loving labor more than food, and loving his College with the love of a father, he saw that it was the will of God that he should now lay down the burden and retire. It then seemed as if he could never rally, and that he must die soon. What had he done? He had gathered around him a noble Faculty of teachers—he had raised new buildings as fast as needed—he had gathered around the College the confidence and the sympathy of the Christian community—he had gathered funds and friends that would sustain the institution in full vigor—he had placed it among the brightest luminaries of the land—he had got it incorporated and made it to be respected—he had superintended the education, and seen graduate under his own eye, 795 young men, sent out to leave their mark upon the world, of whom 430 he saw become ministers of the Gospel—and of these, 84 are numbered as pastors in Massachusetts at this hour—and 39 were sent abroad as missionaries of the cross. Sixty-eight of these young ministers have passed away, and were on the other side of the river to welcome their beloved instructor. Some of them were bright and shining lights. He being dead, yet liveth and speaketh through all these—and they, to tens of thousands—and onward and downward the influences roll to the end of time. What the results are, and will be in this world, no tongue can tell; nor will they cease forever. The hallowed influences which have been impressed upon other minds and hearts, are so many cords of love and mercy, which remain to draw souls to Christ. And many a poor boy, and many a poor schoolmaster, will grow strong, and be lighted up in hope and courage, as he tries to prepare himself for usefulness, by knowing that the great and the good Heman Humphrey was once

a poor boy and a poor schoolmaster, urging his way up to one of the highest posts of usefulness in the land!

After leaving Amherst, worn down and feeble, he came back to spend the sabbath of life in this community, where he was most warmly welcomed by a people who have ever felt it an honor and a blessing to have him reside among them. When the city of Edinburgh was about opening a new cemetery, and it was known that Dr. Chalmers had taken a lot and would lay his dust in it, there was a great rush for lots, as if all felt that there would be a safety in having their bones laid near his. So we feel that it will be a rich legacy to our children that they can walk through our beautiful cemetery and point the finger and say: "There sleeps Dr. Humphrey!"

In speaking of the character of this father, I should fear to express my honest convictions in full, among any people who did not know him as you have done. I certainly have had good opportunities to read his character, and I may speak with the reverence of a son, and the frankness of a friend. And I honestly and deliberately say, that though it would be weak and wicked to call any man perfect, yet I have never known a man who, in my estimation, came so near being faultless as Dr. Humphrey. High praise, you will say; and yet there is not a man in this community who would dissent from it. And as to the results of his life, if he had done nothing but what he accomplished during the sixteen years that he was a pastor and a preacher—if he had done nothing but what he did with his pen—if he had done nothing but train up and give to the world his family—if he had done nothing but what he did for the temperance cause—if he had done nothing but rear up a young College, and make it like the well of Jacob, to send up fresh waters in all future time—if he had done nothing but let the light of his beautiful example shine through a long life—he had done a great work, and had been a benefactor to his race! If he had done but one of these works, we should have honored him. What shall we say, then, when he hath done more than all these, without any drawbacks! Are we in danger of estimating the character too highly?

As a writer, Dr. Humphrey held a ready, though not a rapid pen. He was a thinker rather than a writer. His thoughts rose, one after another, connectedly, never flashing, never riding in swelling language, never seeking to startle by unnatural originality, or eccentricity. He would often, however, in a simple, plain figure, embody an illustration that was laden with meaning, and which you would never forget. All his writings are characterized by a common-sense view of the subject, that is manly, clear, never misunderstood, and not easily dissented from. He never surrounds you with a fog, leaving you to guess where you are. He

never produces common thoughts in transcendental magnificence. He never attempts to carry Goliath's spear, nor to wear Saul's armor. The smooth stones of the brook are his weapons. He is no comet with its blaze, but a clear, pure, silver star, that is never dim. Neither with the pen nor the voice was he so popular as to be intoxicated by flattery, and never tempted to become singular that he might be notorious.

He was the only man whom I ever knew so well, whom I never heard make a foolish remark. His pen never lay idle. The number of sermons, pamphlets, articles in magazines and papers, which he wrote, would make, if collected, very many volumes. Up to the very last his pen was busy, and never more busy than during the past winter. He seemed to act as if he had a presentiment that he was doing his last work. Among his writings are prominent the following, each of which is a volume of perhaps about 400 pages, namely:

Discourses and Reviews, published in 1834.
 Letters from Europe, 1838.
 Letters to a Son in the Ministry, 1842.
 Memoir of Prof. N. W. Fiske, 1850.
 Memoir of Rev. T. H. Gallauder, 1853.
 Revival Sketches, 1859.

I have given you but a faint conception of what he wrote. He was always sowing beside all waters, and never withholding his hand when there was a prospect of doing good to any body and on any subject that was worthy.

In summing up the traits of Dr. Humphrey's character, the most prominent were:

1st. That his character and faculties were remarkably balanced and symmetrical.

I mean by this, that his faculties were such, that none were wanting, none unduly developed, none played out of time, none were dwarfed, none weak, and none refusing to act. This made his old age so bright and so beautiful. This prevented any decay in his faculties that was hardly perceptible. It sometimes, indeed, seemed to take longer to get the mill at work than it used to do, but when once a-going, it produced the finest of flour.

The aged man commonly looks back and sees how much better former times were than these, so that what is new in the forms of vice must be worse than the old forms, and what is new in goodness must be only error under a false name. Dr. Humphrey kept himself abreast of the age, was posted up in every department of humanity, was fresh in all that is moving among men, and never unwilling to adopt what was new, if it was good. There was nothing like fossil about his mind, or taste, or heart. And yet his moral perceptions were so true that you might pour over him

a load of theories and opinions, and he would instantly pick out the true from the shams.

2d. He was distinguished for great practical wisdom.

Wisdom, in its fullest sense, is the highest quality of man. He may have cunning, which Bacon calls "crooked wisdom," and it is to real wisdom what vivacity is to wit, or what gravity is to thought, but it is not wisdom. He may have shrewdness, which is such a power to read and know men, as the scholar has to read books. But wisdom embraces prudence, which merely keeps us from doing wrong, without making us do any thing. It embraces sagacity, which is seeing what might be done. It is the soul in action without making mistakes. A rare thing it is to find a man who has lived more than four-score years, always in action, who has said and done so few unwise things as President Humphrey. It is an original gift. Those who have gone to him for counsel, those who have acted with him on committees or on ecclesiastical councils, those who have wrestled with him in deep discussions in ministerial meetings, those who have sat under him as an instructor or pastor, have all, without dissent, accorded to him the appellation of "a wise man." On all moral questions, his instincts were quick and unerring. Though he made no pretensions to far-reaching views, yet all well knew that to follow his advice was to walk in safety. I never knew an instance where it was disregarded, when the mistake was not most manifest sooner or later.

3d Dr. Humphrey was a man of great integrity of character.

In dealing with men, he acted as if he had never met the word fraud, and we should as soon expect to hear that he had committed highway robbery, as that he had defrauded a man of a farthing. There was no shrewdness manifested in money matters, and no shield but the good providence of God was between him and defrauders.

But there is a higher order of justice than that of bargains. And one of the hardest things for poor human nature to do, is to put, I will not say a charitable construction, but even a just one, on the actions of our fellow-men. If a man fails in business, how difficult to feel that he is not to blame, rather than that he is unfortunate! But our friend could see that there might be good motives and good results, in the actions of men, where others could see nothing of the kind. His estimate of an action, a character, or a book, I will not say was unerringly correct, but he held the scales of justice true and firm.

4th. He had great simplicity of character.

When you met his sweet smile on the sidewalk, when you heard him in the prayer-meeting, when he stood in the pulpit, when he presided at Commencement, and when he spoke at our great missionary anniversaries, you always felt that he had a sim-

plicity of character that was like a child's, honest, sincere, and not self-seeking. I have heard it said that when he entered College a rough farmer's son, this simplicity was mistaken for something else, till they met him in the recitation and the debating room, when they found that what seemed a noiseless instrument, lacked nothing of power. It never became any thing of the simplicity of King Lear in second childhood, but it was the habit of the soul through life, and a part of his character.

5th. Dr. Humphrey had great magnanimity of character.

Generosity and humanity are qualities of the heart. Magnanimity pertains to the mind. It lifts and holds the soul up above what is mean, sordid, contracted or envious. It is something which commands admiration, whether seen in the lion sparing his prey, in the school-boy who can congratulate his rival on his success, in the general who will take no unmanly advantage of his enemy, and in the public man who is above envying his compeers. In all our intercourse with Dr. Humphrey, we never heard him depreciating a man, a town, a college, or a body of men.

On two occasions, since I knew him, I thought he was treated uncourteously and most unkindly by men. And, when most men would have stood aloof in offended dignity, or mourned in sullen silence, or complained loudly and publicly, and though when I spoke to him in regard to it, tears for a moment stood in his eyes, yet the smile came back at once, and I never heard him make a remark indicating the least resentment, the least hardness, or that he knew there was such a thing as wrong done to him. On the contrary, by special acts of kindness, and those long continued, he showed not only that the meek and lovely spirit of Christ was his, but also that the angel of love had never left his heart even for an hour.

A man that can step down from a lofty position into private life, and pass through all the vicissitudes of a long public life, and feel that his race is run and that he must decrease, and yet never remember aught against his fellow-men, must be a magnanimous character.

6th. Great humanity and benevolence was a characteristic of Dr. Humphrey.

Benevolence embraces the good of any thing than can suffer or receive benefit. Old men in Fairfield to this day will tell you how Mr. Humphrey used to visit the schools of that town, and when he saw little children sitting on benches without any backs to them, and so high that their little feet could not reach the floor, he insisted upon the unheard-of thing of having the benches altered, and many a little back was saved its aching. And humanity was taught to the whole town! And all the way through life, he carried this trait. It sought the salvation of a world, the good of

his country, and considered the need of the little child as he walked without shade to school.

He was emphatically "a public-spirited man." There could be no enterprise proposed, whether it was to supply the town with water, with gas, open a new cemetery, rear a Medical College, shade the streets, or any thing else which was for the good of the public, in which he was not ready to engage, heart and hand. And that not in a manner that was meddlesome, and as if uneasy for something to do, but in a manner that led all to feel that it was simple benevolence of character. On almost every thing done for the good of this community, for the last fifteen years, he laid his hand, and left its imprint there. Up to the very last of his days he was alive to every thing that looked to the public good.

His love to the children and to those just beginning life was very strong. And it was affecting to see the aged man of 80, go into our town meeting and plead for a park and for trees, in behalf of the children too young to plead for themselves, and then to see him go out and superintend the setting out of those trees. There are hundreds of such trees now growing, under the shade of which those yet unborn will sit and walk who will never know whose hand planted them.

He was in deep sympathy with every thing human, and I have heard him speak in behalf of the colonization of Africa, upon the wrongs of slavery in this country, in behalf of the temperance cause, of the educating young men for the ministry, in behalf of Colleges here and at the West, in behalf of the Tract, the Home Mission, and the Foreign Missionary cause—and in each case his soul was absorbed in that particular branch of benevolence, as if he had never thought of any other. And as to charity, he was generous and free, almost to a fault. I have been amazed at times, to see how constant was the stream of his charities, and no less at the size of the stream. So universal, so full and so deep his benevolence that I should be very much disappointed to learn that he has left a personal enemy in the world. I do not believe he has.

7th. Humility was a conspicuous trait in the character of our friend.

Humility does not require us to lay aside our self-respect, nor to be continually depreciating ourselves. It seldom talks about itself, and never, except in the most confiding friendship. Dr. Humphrey never seemed to be conscious of humility; he never especially evinced it in words, or even in prayer; yet we all felt that it pervaded his whole character. We never heard him complain of neglect, hard usage, or of any disappointment. Even in age, when the old war-horse could not snuff the battle and laugh at the rattling of the spear, as he once could, he submitted as quietly and as meekly as the little child who had never left the

shadows of his father's house. It was not the humility produced by comparing himself with other men, but humility before God, learned by leaning against the cross, and looking into the face of Jesus. And when we beheld his face shining as did the face of Moses, we knew it was because he had dwelt long in the Mount with God.

8th. He was a man of devoted, earnest piety.

This pervading, permeating characteristic is something that can not be described. It is to the spirit what light is to the world. It cheers and beautifies every thing. It subdues nature, smoothes asperities, refines the taste, ennobles the feelings, purifies and strengthens the intellect, enlarges the views, warms and expands the sympathies, and clothes the whole man with garments that are divine. On his conversion, Dr. Humphrey embraced the great leading doctrines of the Bible as expounded by Calvin, and which have made so many great and strong men. And I have heard old men say that when installed over the College church at Amherst, he gave to the Council his system of theology, and for clearness, for conciseness, comprehensiveness and beauty, they had never heard it equaled. He was a Calvinist in the true sense of the term, and a beautiful specimen of it in preaching and in character. In his last sickness, he told me that he had no misgivings whatever as to the great truths of the Gospel which he had taught. "My only," added he, with child-like simplicity, "my only fears are, that I have not enforced them as I ought and might have done!"

His last sickness was an exhibition of one of the mysteries of our nature, when disease preys upon the nerves with a power which no medical skill can control, and which seems to make the whole body a collection of diseased cords—not one of which can be quieted, till the body and intellect are overpowered—a state most painful to bear, and hardly less so to witness. For the most part, the reason was clouded; but even then, in the dark prison-house, his spirit was feeling after the pillars of truth, and searching for her accustomed light. Samson, in the prison-house, dark and dreary, is noble, even there. At one time, in the mazes of a beclouded intellect, tempted, as he thought, to apostatize, he told his imaginary tempter: "No, I can not become a Jew!" And as the trial was crowding harder, and he felt that he was persecuted to turn Mohammedan, he said, with his own emphatic voice and manner, "No amount of suffering, mental or physical, will make me turn Mohammedan!" and then added—and in the circumstances of the case it was sublime—"I know in whom I have believed! I know that my Redeemer liveth! I stand upon the Rock of Ages!"

At another time, when a friend intimated to him that his end was near, he seemed to start up out of the lethargy—the cloud at

once lifted up, reason rallied to her throne, and for a few minutes, like the dying Jacob, he sat up, called for his wife and children to come around him, when he gave to each a few words of love—more precious than jewels—and sent special messages to absent children and friends. It was the sun breaking out between the evening clouds—clear, soft and beautiful. In a few moments he fell back, and the bright day-light was gone; and when the spirit again became conscious, she was in unclouded, everlasting day. When the hour of dismissal came, the angel of death walked the room so softly that his steps were not heard. Like David of old, “he fell on sleep,” as on a pillow, and the only difference to him between sleep and death was, that in the one case the bosom barely heaved, and in the other it was still, and the prophesy was fulfilled: “Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season!” and the great prayer of the Redeemer was answered: “Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.”

And now, brethren and friends, my task is done. I am not vain enough to feel that I am worthy to speak at the burial of such a man; but the providence of God laid the duty upon me. I am not looking to what I have said to make the desired impression, but to the life, the death, the burial, of the beautiful character that God hath sent to live and die among us. We feel honored in having his dust laid here to awake with us at the resurrection day.

The widow who has been his helper, and whom he loved and honored so highly for more than fifty years, will mourn in loneliness. But she will feel that she has been honored of the Lord in being associated with him in a life so useful, and that every closing day brings them nearer together. May she find the full and explicit promises made to the widow, to be all fulfilled to her. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths “they will not be long divided.”

The children who follow their honored father to the grave to-day, have a very high honor—that of calling him father! Very seldom do a family of children bury a father so aged, so widely known, and so universally honored—leaving no one deed of a long life over which they want to cast a mantle. That name and that character is an inheritance more precious than gold. May his prayers cover the heads of his children, and his children’s children, to the end of time.

The ministers of Christ who gather to bury this father in the ministry, stand in awe, and feel that they are far behind him in labors and goodness, and cry: “Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, and the faithful fail from among the children of men.”

The whole community come together, praying that his mantle may fall on the ministers who are left, and feeling that the prayers

of this good man helped to spread the wing of God over the whole region, are ready to cry: "My father! my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Dear, good old man! we loved thee in life! we honor thee in death! We shall miss thee here! we will imitate and follow thee, till we meet thee in heaven! And let all the people say, AMEN!

S E R M O N X X .

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LONGING FOR SUNSET.

"As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as an hireling looketh for the reward of his work: so am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed unto me."—JOB 7 : 2, 3.

In an illustrated edition of the book of Job, great vividness is given to this scripture by a picture of a slave, earnestly looking to the western sky, and longing for the evening shadow. The artist has succeeded in embodying the idea of the passage in a sketch for the eye, so that you see before you the over-worked and wearied laborer, looking anxiously for the expected signal of rest from his daily toil. By a happy stroke, condensing into a single phrase the entire passage, he has named his picture "Longing for Sunset."

And when I looked upon it I was most intensely impressed with a realization of that sad experience in the human soul which is imaged in the text. Tracing it, in the life-like lines of the graver, as it took visible shape before me, I felt that it had practical connections with human lives, of such importance as to make it a useful theme for thought before any congregation of world-worn and world-wearied men. Not for himself alone, but for a great multitude, did Job speak when he said: "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as an hireling looketh for a reward of his work, so am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed unto me." Our subject, thus brought before us, is "Longing for Sunset."

Let me, first of all, set before you the different forms of that experience, in which the soul "earnestly desireth the shadow," or the coming on of the night of death.

The natural instinct of men is to desire to live. In all the ordinary moods of mind there is a shrinking back from the grim shadow of the grave. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun." The work of life and its rewards have a charm even too attractive to the heart of man. As you pass around among your fellow-creatures, it is only here and there that you see written out upon the bowed head, and sad countenance, and wearied step, the words: "I could wish to die." Upon the whole expression of the living multitude, in the swift, glad-some tread, the uplifted brow, the self-satisfied look, the eager bargain, the jocund laugh, the strong shake of the hand, you read the words: "It is good, oh! very good, to live." And yet I suspect that there are very few who have not, in some moment of disappointment or trial, had the wish to die rise almost to the lips. This life-sun, which shines so brightly, will sometimes sail, for a brief instant, into the shadows. Yet these feelings are evanescent, and only distantly related to that sadder experience which longs for sunset. This is a settled habit or mood of the soul. In naming the different forms of this experience, we may mention—

First of all, that which arises out of painful and exhausting sickness. This was that which led Job to utter the words of the text, and long so earnestly for death. Months of bitterness and wearisome nights had worn away his instinct of life. The grave seemed to him a desirable refuge from his distresses. Thus of the grave he says: "There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest; there the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there, and the servant is free from his master. Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul? Which long for death, and it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures. Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave." And again, in connection with our text: "My soul chooseth death rather than life. I loathe it; I would not live always. Let me alone, for my days are vanity."

Many a poor, wasted, wearied sufferer, as he lay upon his bed of languishing, has felt with Job in his distress. The grave seems inviting as the end of pain and unrest. They can not but pray to God for the coming on of death, "earnestly desiring the shadow." Thus have I seen those who, while in health, loved life very much, "longing for sunset."

2. When the infirmities of old age creep on, and life continues after the loss of nearly all the friends in which it was passed, it is not uncommon that the soul turns with yearning towards the end of this earthly course. The future life appears much brighter from its contrast with the infirmities of the present. The silver cord seems but an iron chain, and the golden bowl to be only

leaden. Sometimes life is desired even into very old age, that the heart may behold the accomplishment of a prayed-for good; and when that comes, the grave is welcomed. Such seems to have been the experience of Jacob, when he said to Joseph: "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive." And of good Simeon, when he beheld the infant Jesus, and prayed: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

3. I have seen those, under the shadow of a mighty sorrow from God, longing for sunset. Their earthly home was desolate, and they longed to pass into the heavenly. So, too, very often worldly disappointments have almost crazed the agonized spirit, and sometimes even have pressed it so hard in those where moral principle erected but a slight barrier, as to lead to suicide itself. So we all know how to sympathize with those struggling souls, who feel the iron of oppression and pine in dungeons, with nothing to hope for but the deliverance of the grave. Thus earthly sorrow in its many forms makes the human instinct of life to yield before it, and even turns it into a prayer for death.

4. The baffled and disappointed hero of the Church, after a long conflict with wickedness, often yearns for the end of his course. Thus the grand old prophet Elijah, upon Carmel, would gladly have anticipated the chariot of fire with its horses of fire. Thus, with what a melancholy grandeur do we hear the great Martin Luther, at the close of his life, finding it impossible to mold every thing to his will, sorely disappointed at results, passionately and almost petulantly praying to die. We are told that, at one time, "after detailing all his sufferings to Melancthon," he said: "Please God to take my soul in the peace of Christ; by the grace of God I am ready to go, yea, desirous. I have lived and have finished the course marked out for me by God. Oh! may my soul, which is weary of its long pilgrimage, now be suffered to mount to heaven." He seemed absolutely overborne, like the prophet before him, with the increasing sin of the world; and at one time, after a long account in detail of the prevailing corruption, he concludes: "All that is left for us to do, is to reiterate the prayer: 'Thy will be done.'" And so, at another time, he says: "I would that my adversaries would put an end to me, for my death now would be of more service to the Church than my life." Alas! noble hero of the cross! like Elijah before thee, thy spirit is overwhelmed. Thy prayer shall be answered, and thy discouraged heart shall be taken to a higher point of vision, where thou shalt see the victory coming on, even to the mount of God. Very much like this state of feeling must have been that of the Psalmist when he cried out: "Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

5. Thus far, we have mentioned forms of experience, all of

which have their root in a loathing or weariness of life. We now mention one which differs from all these, and is perfectly harmonious with a deep love and joy in life. It is that high Christian experience which, while it finds great delight in working for God upon earth, yearns also for a full communion with him in heaven. It has no disgust of a life of Christian toil and duty, and yet it reaches after "the inheritance of the saints in life." It is not only willing to remain, but is even happy in all the cares of its mission below, and yet it would fain participate in the clearer vision of the Lamb above. Paul expressed this feeling, when he said: "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you." "Yet what I shall choose I wot not." Perhaps this experience should be called a longing for sunrise rather than for sunset. Still there is a positive desire for the close of this life and the dawning of the celestial. Even the joy in earthly labor shades away in cases of this experience, first into a willingness clearly conceived and expressed to tarry if the Lord will, and then again into a willingness unexpressed and only implied. This last is found in the cry of the Psalmist to the throne, in which we discover a toning down of the strictly defined position of the Apostle; the heart of the sweet singer of Israel being occupied wholly with the longing for God. "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?" Thus often the Christian, while he is ready to keep at the work to which his Master has called him, yearns after the perfected glories of heaven. Sometimes he longs for it so much as to be almost, if not altogether, unwilling to live longer.

II. Such in its different forms is the experience in which the human soul "earnestly desireth the shadow." Is it healthy and desirable in any of its forms? We have seen that there are really but two kinds of this experience, that which roots itself in a disgust of life, and that which is inspired by a clear realization of the celestial glories.

This last is certainly both healthy and desirable. It shows great vigor of Christian character. It is both the flower and fruit of an earnest life with God. It brings a joy into the soul through communion with the upper world, which gives intensity to all Christian action. It interferes in no degree with a devoted energy in the path of duty. It only increases the vital power of the saint in all the service he attempts. Those that long after God are those that work the hardest for him, that they may be the nearest like him. It gives wings to his faith. It buoys up, and even lifts the Christian into the very heights of duty. It is possible, indeed, that such an ecstasy of mind may arise in the soul, if

too much time is given to contemplation and too little to action, as to unfit it for real duty. But this is not the danger of our age or time, or of our style of Christians. St. Bernards do not abound among us.

The real Christian often needs this longing for God as the solace and hope of his work. Thus he assures himself that when he rises into the full joy of God, he shall see clearly through all the perplexing mysteries of the divine truth and providence; be freed from the burden of his sin; shine in a perfection like his Saviour's, which has been his ideal of all happiness upon earth; live in a society eternally upright, pure, and holy; feed upon the ineffable glories of the Godhead, and be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

Within this experience, therefore, God has placed a rich blessing, so that it may be desired as one of his choicest gifts. It should perhaps be called, as I have already suggested, a longing for sunrising rather than for sunset.

But every form of this experience which arises from disgust of life, is both unhealthy and undesirable. It is not a normal condition of the soul of man to wish to die, simply as a relief from the cares and toils of the world. Men love activity. It is only the over-tasked and over-wearied, whose hearts have been long bowed and their spirits broken, who long for the shadow. Work is the natural element of man. The buoyant energy of bounding health overflows in external manifestation. The strong man rejoices to run a race. Like Ahimaaz the son of Zadok, who, upon being refused in his application to carry tidings to David after the defeat of Absalom, nevertheless prayed for permission to run with the messenger, simply for the joy of running; so is it with a healthy human soul all the world over. It longs for the light and the sun, and overflows in action. Even as little children, the race never wishes for nightfall or sleep; never longs for sunset. It is therefore the sure sign of unhealth when the manly vigor of the soul succumbs to its sorrows, and longs for the rest of the grave. The physical system is itself broken down. The nervous wires, which thread so mysteriously the "harp of a thousand strings," and make such bounding music in a healthy frame, are out of tune, and make only discords now.

And as such a state of mind is unhealthy, so it is undesirable. It oppresses the soul with a heavy load, so that it can bear no burden of duty. It envelops the life in a cloud of darkness, so that it can not see the light. Unless in those who are appointed unto speedy death, in which case it may lighten the passage to the tomb, it is to be regarded as an enemy to all that is good and noble. It is to be prayed against, labored against, and lived against, with the utmost tenacity of will.

III. There is still another question which the subject presses upon us. How far is it right or wrong to harbor this disgust of life, and "earnestly desire the shadow?"

I answer: God surely permits him in whom, by his Providence, he has destroyed the instinct of life, to long for the end. It surely can not be wrong for one worn out by painful and protracted sickness, to whom months of vanity and wearisome nights are appointed, to yearn for the termination of his sorrows, even wishing to hide them in the grave. Indeed, is not this one method by which death itself is disrobed of its terrors, and so welcomed as a deliverer? Surely we have often wondered at the courage with which many a timid saint has met the great enemy.

But while we can not condemn this longing for death in the souls of those worn out by disease, we do not mean to be understood as sanctioning the very common notion that it is to any great extent the proof of grace in the heart. So far as the desire of the grave is concerned, it is simply the breaking down of nature, and not the incoming of grace. If there were not, indeed, a calm trust in Christ, with holy assurance, we could hardly expect that the soul would long to die, because an unsettled future would interpose to prevent the natural processes of dissolution. Yet still we see that the real evidence of acceptance is the trust in Christ, which leaves the soul calm and unmoved, and not the instinctive yearning for the grave. A sinner with a callous conscience and a false hope, will just as earnestly often "desire the shadow."

But if it is right for him, whom God has visited with sickness, and so destroyed the instinct of life, to yearn for the close of his course, may not the aged man also be permitted to look joyfully towards the end? Treading among the shadows of life, may he not see the sunlight beyond? May not Jacob pray, "Now, let me die, since I have seen the face of Joseph," as if seeking no other worldly joy, and ready to take up his tabernacle and pitch it in the hereafter? And old Simeon—"Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace"? And if the aged man, why not the oppressed? the lone and wasted prisoners in the dungeons of despots, whose only crime has been their love of liberty, and from whom God's sunlight has been for years excluded? Why may they not pray to be liberated from their sorrows, even if their deliverer is named Death? Why may not the Christian slave of a merciless master?

But if those, whom the providence of God has absolutely shut up to this prayer, may offer it, without offense, to his infinite purity; it is equally certain they have no right to take it upon their lips, whom the Heavenly Father calls to the active life of duty. However great their sorrows or their disappointments—though their dearest friends are in the dust, and their earthly all is swept away—they have no right, in moody melancholy, to sit list-

less down and wish to die. They have a higher, nobler work than to look into the shadows. They are to long for the sunshine, and not for the sunset. For them the clarion notes of duty ring, summoning them onward. Elijah was out of place in the solitudes of Carmel. Luther should have spoken words, more grand and inspiring, to have formed the fitting conclusion of his glorious life. He was greater in his life than in his death; the better greatness indeed of the two, but he should have been great in both. Every Christian is sinning against God, when he permits himself to loathe or to neglect the actual work to which he is clearly called. Up and work, while it is day, and rejoice in the clear light, for the night will come all too quickly, to interrupt your work, so quickly, that you need never, never, pray that God would hasten on the sunset.

In the conclusion of the discourse I shall not attempt to gather up all its practical suggestions, some of which have necessarily come into view, in the illustration of it. I will only call your attention, first, to the supreme dignity of a joyful, earnest, working life in God. This is better than a constant longing for sunset; nay, this is better than the most gorgeous sunset which has ever illumined a Christian's dying hour. To live like Payson would be better than to die like Payson, though one would love both to live and die as he did. In his holy word, God gives a higher importance to living than to dying—to our work in the broad daylight, than to our work amid the shadows. I think, therefore, we ought to long to live, if living is with us Christ. Sometimes good Christians feel sad at heart, because they love life so well. In so far, however, as life with them is duty, in so far they ought to love it. I think God likes it better than they possibly can. Did not Hezekiah pray anxiously for life, and was not his prayer answered because he had a great work to do for God. And with what argument did he plead with his heavenly Father, but this: "The grave can not praise thee, death can not celebrate thee, the living, the living, he shall praise thee." It is life which glorifies most the great Master of us all. It is beyond measure a grand endowment, to feel the throbbings of life within us, overflowing in health and vigor, all consecrated to the service of the eternal God. The joy of such a life is worthy of our love, and we may pray for its continuance, for heaven itself is life unshadowed, and without a sunset.

And yet, however much a working life is to be desired in itself, it is not true that a Christian is always best trained in the sunshine. Some of the most precious of the graces grow best in the darkness, and the choicest disciples very often pass their lives under a cloud. Those whose veins bound with health, as if in very madness, are too little likely to be influenced by the constant vision of the Unseen. Therefore it is that sickness and sorrow

have such universal dominion. Perfect health and unbounded elasticity of life will not be a safe endowment except in heaven.

Yet even with those weary and heavy-laden with sickness and sorrow, the positive patience and self-denial and gentle graces to which they are called, and which constitute their Christian life, activity in the form of endurance, are more to be desired than those sad moods of mind in which they can not help but long for sunset. To them, too, in their peculiar way, there is a supreme dignity in a joyful, earnest, working life in God.

Secondly. But while we all should love to live in the active performance of duty, we are never to forget the shadow, or to fail to prepare for death. There is such a thing as a Christian loving this life too well. The instinct by which he clings to it, may not be properly subdued unto God. Or the divine Providence may have scattered so many blessings upon his home, that he is in danger of "laying up his treasures upon earth." There is much necessity for the children of God to seek by positive effort to break the cords which bind them too closely here, and to replace them with those golden chains, whose fastenings are in the throne of God and the Lamb. One of the first petitions to the throne of God, which impressed my childish heart, was heard from the lips of one of our most distinguished ministers, and has been heard from his lips a thousand times since, that God would wean us from the world. This is a prayer which should be often offered, and with efforts after the object, proportioned to its importance. Indeed, there should always be a struggle for that longing after God, which, while it is consistent with a love of Christian action upon earth, is a continual preparation for the coming on of night. The Apostle Paul occupied the right position upon this question: "To depart was far better, and he greatly desired it;" yet "to live was Christ:" and if the Master still had work for him to do; he would choose on the whole, for the sake of the dying world, to remain at his post. Oh! this is a great Christian attainment reached by few, and yet worthy of our highest strivings! It is well to aim at a lofty mark. It is not, as we sometimes express it, to be willing to live, and to be willing to die, as God sees best; but it is to love to live or to love to die just as God sees best. And yet, if with most of our brethren, we fall short of this very high standard, we ought as our very lowest duty, to keep our minds so submissive to God, as to bow before his will.

Thirdly. The sunset will bring blessings to the weary saint. The shadow which he so earnestly desires, lies just before the celestial city. Yet so strangely worn and over-worked is he, that it is not for heaven he longs, so much as for the shadow itself — the end of his sufferings, the devouring grave. The kind Father, pitying his frame, and knowing his infirmities, permits him thus to long for death, and keeps in reserve for him beyond, the hea-

venly glories. Poor, sorrowing disciple! the Saviour keeps thy crown in readiness for thee. Thy sun, which through all thy afflicted life has seemed to be enveloped in thick darkness, shall go down without a cloud, even setting in a refulgent sea of glory. Oh! didst thou know it all, thou mightest well long and pray for sunset.

THE CODEX SINAITICUS.*

THE name of Tischendorf does not now appear for the first time in connection with Biblical literature. The course of authorship of this distinguished savant began as long ago as 1838, when an edition of the Greek New Testament proclaimed his qualifications for the task of textual criticism, and decided his career. The patronage of his own sovereign furnished him with the means of visiting Paris for the purpose of exploring its manuscript treasures, especially its *Codex Ephremi Rescriptus*, one of the most valuable palimpsests in the world. Since then Great Britain, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Constantinople, have been traversed in the prosecution of his researches, and have borne witness to his combined learning and zeal. To sum up his publications were to fill a paragraph; suffice it to say, that his "Codex Friderico-Augustanus," his "Monumenta Sacra Inedita," his "Evangelium Palatinum," his "Codex Amiatinus," his "Codex Claromontanus," his "Palimpsest Fragments," his "Apocryphal Acts," "Apocryphal Gospels," "Apocryphal Apocalypses," and his successive editions of the Greek New Testament, have established his reputation as the largest contributor to textual criticism of his day, and made the name of Tischendorf celebrated far beyond the bounds of his quiet university.

In the volume before us† we have record made of one of his latest journeys, and of certainly his greatest acquisition—a very ancient manuscript, containing the most important parts of the Old Testament in Greek, and the entire New Testament, without omission or erasure, *ne minimā quidem lacunā deformatum*. Any manuscript of the Holy Scriptures, in any language, with a credible date reaching above the tenth century, would be considered a valuable addition to our stores of critical matter for settling the

* This article is of such unusual interest and value to ministers and intelligent Christians, that we have thought worth while to print it on these pages, for those who may not otherwise see it.—ED. OF N. PREACHER.

† *Notitia Editionis Codicis Bibliorum Sinaitici*. Edidit Ainoth. Frid. Const. Tischendorf. Lipsiæ: F. A. Brockhaus. 1860.

sacred text, for even these are comparatively few; but to meet with one whose date is assigned, unhesitatingly, by its finder to the earlier half of the *fourth century*, was enough to turn Tischendorf crazy with joy. His record of his emotions at the moment of discovery is quiet, but the exultation of his feelings could not be disguised: "*Quae res quantam in admirationem me conjecerit, dissimulare nequibam.*"

It appears that in his two previous journeys to the East, of the earlier of which he makes interesting report in his *Reise in dem Orient*, 1845-48, he had been, beyond expectation, successful in the acquisition of materials for publication, of one sort or another. The second journey—that of 1853, nine years after the first—bears more the character of a great disappointment than the preceding, as a narrative of the circumstances will explain.

In the year 1844 the King of Saxony furnished Professor Tischendorf with funds, to enable him to prosecute his inquiries after parchments and old books in the East. Amongst the acquisitions of that trip was a fragment of a Greek Septuagint, rescued by Tischendorf from the destruction awaiting it, and other unvalued scraps and loose leaves in a basket, where they were carelessly tossed to rot in the damp, or be consumed by ants. A larger fragment of that MS., containing Isaiah and Maccabees, he begged for in vain, because the importunity of the stranger taught the ignorant monks to set a value on their relic which they had not had independent knowledge of their own to appreciate. He obtained, however, enough of the disjointed leaves and smaller portions to constitute a satisfactory specimen of the whole. These fragments Tischendorf published in 1846, under the title of the *Friderico-Augustan Codex*, in compliment to his royal patron. But the lengthened period of nine years from his first journey did not abate his longing for the remainder of the precious manuscript (*ipsis membranis pretiosissimis*) which he had left in such unsafe custody, and which his own publications had made so widely known. He expected that, during the interval, the MS. would have found its way into a European library, through the care of some appreciative traveler; but no tidings came of such a destination. This prompted the journey of 1853, undertaken with a determination to transcribe all that remained of the document, and to publish it on his return. But, on his presenting himself at the Convent of Mount Sinai, to his dismay, the document could no where be found. Describing his disappointment in his *Mon. Sac. Ined.* of 1855, he expresses his belief that it must have come to Europe, and that it lay somewhere concealed. Should it, however, be irrecoverably lost, he very fairly declares himself innocent of neglect of the manuscript, for he had frankly informed its custodians of its value, and urged upon them its more careful preservation.

Matters remained in this position for six years longer—Tischendorf engaged with his professorial duties, and editing his laborious volumes of antiquarian research, together with his Critical Greek Testaments—when, by the intervention of the Prince Von Falkenstein, Prime Minister of the King of Saxony, and the successive Russian Ambassadors at Dresden, the Baron Von Schroeder, Prince Wolkonsky, and Baron Von Kotzebue, aided by the intercession of Von Noroff, Von Kovalewsky, and Theodore Von Grimm, the eager professor's wish was gratified, with the injunction to return to his former scene of action, and secure for the Emperor of Russia what spoil he might of ancient Greek and Oriental literature. On the last day of January, 1859, Tischendorf reached his old quarters in the Convent of St. Catherine, and opened his campaign, or rather foray, with so little success, that four days afterwards he completed his arrangements, by hiring horses and camels, for returning to Cairo on the 7th of February. But an unexpected and most delightful event occurred, meanwhile, that rendered this last journey memorable above all others undertaken by the professor; for, conversing with the sub-prior, on the Septuagint translation, of which Tischendorf had brought with him printed copies, along with his Greek New Testaments, the conventual brother turned out of a piece of cloth, for his inspection, the very document of which he had come in search.

This revelation was a light rising upon his darkness—the flashing of an instantaneous dawn. Turning over the coveted folios, he found them to contain a considerable part of the Old Testament, the whole of the New, and the Epistle of Barnabas, along with the first part of the Shepherd of Hermas. Xenophon's returning ten thousand never hailed the waters of the Black Sea with more gladsome *θαλαττα*, *θαλαττα*, after their wearisome march and perilous adventure, than Tischendorf the resurrection of his buried love. Unable to sleep through excess of joy, he bore the treasured parchments to his cell, and spent the night in copying the recovered Barnabas. Starting, nevertheless, on the appointed day, he obtained the promise of the superior that the mutilated Codex would be forwarded after him to Cairo, to be copied as soon as the license to do so should reach the convent from their ecclesiastical head in Egypt. A very few days sufficed to obtain the required permission, and Tischendorf rejoiced in his prize, retaining it in his possession till, with the aid of two friends, he had copied its every word, letter, sign, and variation. Two months sufficed for this Herculean task, which comprised the transcription of upwards of one hundred thousand lines of Greek. This done, his joy was complete.

The original MS., it was suggested, might very appropriately be presented to the Emperor of Russia, a distinguished professor and protector of the Christian faith; and the hint met with unani-

THE EARLIEST COPY OF THE SCRIPTURES. The London *Literary Gazette* of August 10th states that during September there will be published a work of rare interest to the Biblical scholar. It is a fac-simile of the earliest copy of the Scriptures ever yet discovered. The manuscript contains portion of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and was written by Nicholas, the seventh deacon, at the dictation of the Apostle Matthew, fifteen years after the Ascension. The manuscript, together with many others, was discovered by the Rev. Mr. Stobart, in a sarcophagus, at Thebes, and was brought by him to England. On his arrival in this country he sold a portion of his collection to the British Museum, and a considerable number of the remainder he disposed of to Mr. Meyer, the celebrated archaeologist of Liverpool. Those in the British Museum remain unrolled and unread to the present day, but Mr. Meyer, having obtained the assistance of Dr. K. Simonides, proceeded to unroll the various papyri, and among others of great interest was discovered one in fragments, containing portions of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and bearing the inscription "The writing by the hand of Nicholas the Deacon, at the dictation of Matthew, the Apostle of Jesus Christ: it was done in the fifteenth year after the Ascension of our Lord, and was distributed to the believing Jews and Greeks in Palestine."

The papyrus is much damaged, and the fragments preserved are not very numerous, but they supply two lost verses, furnish a much purer text than any other known version, and clear up many passages that have hitherto been doubtful and obscure. The manuscript is written in the Greek uncial character, and in all probability was the identical manuscript that was copied seven times by Hermodorus, during the life of the apostle, and likewise seven times after his death. The copy from which the English version of the Gospel is chiefly derived is the eleventh copy made by Hermodorus, preserved in one of the monasteries of the East, and in this several errors have been made in the transcription. The publication of this work is one of the greatest interest to the Christian world, and will probably excite more attention than any similar discovery during the present century.

These suppositions are gratuitous and incorrect. The arrangement is not Euthalian; nor if it were, would its age be decided thereby—its upward limit would, indeed, be fixed, but not its downward. Its corrections are made by many distinct hands, the two most important being of a date several centuries after the original writing of the MS.; and the corrections, though often concurrent with the orthodox and received text, more frequently diverge from it. The learned priest, moreover, though duly impressed with the archaic aspect of the document, adopted no measures for transcribing it, or making it available for critical purposes. He knew nothing of the fact that the Shepherd of Hermas in Greek was a desideratum of scholars, as well as the earlier part of the epistle of Barnabas, or he would probably have had these, at least, transcribed for the satisfaction of the Christian world. The venerable Archimandrite was evidently more of the amateur than the connoisseur. No man is great in every line. *Non omnes omnia possumus.*

On his return to St. Petersburg, in October, 1859, Tischendorf was graciously received by the Emperor and Empress, who examined *seriatim* the professor's stores. By Alexander's command they were exhibited publicly for a fortnight, and the Sinaitic Codex

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mous compliance. As no one, however, had, at the time, the right of making the presentation, in consequence of Archbishop Constantine's death and the non-consecration of his successor, it was concluded to lend the MS., for the purpose of completing an accurate impression of its contents, leaving the question of its final ownership for future determination.

From May to September Tischendorf was free to traverse Palestine in search of hidden MSS., and was at Jerusalem at the same time with the Duke Constantine, who lent his royal countenance to his labors. In Constantinople the Russian Ambassador, Prince Lobanow, received him as his guest in his palace, a circumstance we feel pleasure in recording, the priesthood of letters receiving due homage at the hands of the princes of the people. From this enlightened nobleman, Tischendorf learned of the existence of another noticesince his own of the Sinaitic Codex, namely, one from the pen of the Archimandrite Porphyry, who, in 1846, had examined its peculiarities, when he visited the monastery in the desert. These he describes in his publication of 1856 at St. Petersburg, but makes such mistakes as would naturally occur in the case of a person not conversant with textual criticism. The Greek divine, for instance, supposes the MS. to follow the Euthalian prescript in its stichometry; and, as this arrangement of the text dates about four hundred and forty-six, that the MS. may be of the fifth century. From this surmise he conjectured that its corrections belong to the same age, and that, by means of these, a peculiar text—call it the Alexandrian—was brought into harmony with that of the universal Church. These suppositions are gratuitous and incorrect. The arrangement is not Euthalian; nor if it were, would its age be decided thereby—its upward limit would, indeed, be fixed, but not its downward. Its corrections are made by many distinct hands, the two most important being of a date several centuries after the original writing of the MS.; and the corrections, though often concurrent with the orthodox and received text, more frequently diverge from it. The learned priest, moreover, though duly impressed with the archaic aspect of the document, adopted no measures for transcribing it, or making it available for critical purposes. He knew nothing of the fact that the Shepherd of Hermas in Greek was a desideratum of scholars, as well as the earlier part of the epistle of Barnabas, or he would probably have had these, at least, transcribed for the satisfaction of the Christian world. The venerable Archimandrite was evidently more of the amateur than the connoisseur. No man is great in every line. *Non omnes omnia possumus.*

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was ordered to be prepared for the press with the least possible delay. The preservation of such a monument of ancient learning and piety, where such losses had accrued to its cotemporary literature, was providential; and in recognition of the divine care, the precious boon should no longer be withheld from the world of letters and religion.

The plan of publication pursued will be to represent the original text by fac-simile types, the regularity of the letters greatly favoring this method; but even minute varieties of character will be exhibited also. The alterations by the chief correctors will be given in the margin, together with other peculiarities, such as punctuation, accents, etc., while the less important or most modern alterations will be exhibited in the commentary. Twenty pages of lithographic fac-simile, drawn from photographs, will exhibit to the eye of the student an exact picture of the appearance of the original. Approved artists at St. Petersburg will make the drawings; the firm of Giesecke and Deverient, at Leipzig, are to be the printers, and each page, as it issues from the press, will engage the ever-vigilant and active supervision of the learned editor himself. What an acquisition this will be to the Church and the learned world we need not say, and what a monument of the industry, talent, and ingenuity of the German textuary, who publishes a great work like this in the course of a couple of years, leaving nothing to desire on the score of accuracy, cheapness, and accessibility, after the painful disappointment we have so recently experienced in the wretched, unscholarly, and extortionate Vatican imprint of Cardinal Mai.

The three hundred costly fac-simile copies the Emperor of Russia will retain himself, for the purpose of gifts to the learned bodies of Europe; but cheap editions, in ordinary type, to be printed with equal accuracy and beauty at the same time, will gratify the curiosity of purchasers, and diffuse the information the manuscript contains as wide as the world.

The whole imprint of the Codex will occupy three volumes, of which two will contain the Old Testament and one the New. A supplementary volume will include the fac-simile plates, and a lengthened commentary upon all the emendations in the manuscript and its palæography. F. A. Brockhaus, of Leipzig, is to have charge of the ordinary Greek type edition. The whole work is designed to be completed in the middle of 1862—a year memorable in the annals of Russia, as it will be the thousandth year of its existence; and it is desired to associate this great literary achievement with the celebration of the military and social progress of the empire.

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